We Need To Talk About Sugar Dick

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

A conversation. No sex.

Notes

Honestly, this was going to be explicit. And then I started writing it, and then it basically started writing itself, like I didn't even know who the characters were at first. And now it's just crack. And there is no sex at all. And I'm not even sorry.

A Gift for StagHag as I'm pretty sure she started all this!

“Who’s Dick?”

“What? What dick?”

“No, Who’s Dick.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, whose dick?”

“Just listen to what I’m fucking saying. Who. Is. Dick?”

“Oh, Dick? Dick Chambers, from the club?”

“Yes. Who the fuck is Dick?”

“He’s Allegra’s friend from rock climbing.”

“And he’s in the book club?”

“Why do you sound so annoyed about that? Are… are you jealous?”

“Are you laughing at me? No I’m not fucking jealous…”

“What’s that look? You think I’m interested in him? You know that’s not true…”

“Do I?”

“Wow. Really? Wow.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Mhm.”

“Please, don’t… I am sorry. It’s just… The fucking love, Grigg. The fucking love. Turns me somewhat insane, if i’m being honest with you.”

“I know, please don’t look so frustrated. I know.”

“Allegra’s gay.”

“Are you serious? Yes, he’s not her boyfriend. He just likes Patrick O'Brian.”

“Who the fuck is…”

“The new author we’re reading now. He has like, 20 books. So we needed more people. We were all meant to bring one person into the club as a start. Allegra brought Dick.”

“So, why is he texting you? I thought it was someone asking for a dick pic...”

“Is that what this is about? He wanted to know if I have any dietary requirements. He’s hosting the next meeting and he’s texting us all to make sure after last time.”

“So why’s he texting about sugar?”

“Bernadette’s husband is diabetic, there was an issue at the last meeting - that’s what I’m saying. I actually told you about this.”

“Oh yeah. Right. So, you’re not interested in fucking Sugar Dick?”

“Should I ignore you asked that?”

“Argh. I just… there are so many new people and I don’t know them and I… I don’t want you to meet someone who is into books and other things you like and decide that they are… that you… I don’t want you to leave me when you find someone better.”

“Are you serious? I love you, you idiot. I don’t… if it’s that much of an issue why don’t you come along?”

“To the book club?”

“Yes. Come and meet everyone and read, or we could read one between us… Dean wasn’t into books until he joined. If you don’t like it, no pressure. But it’s something we could do together I guess.”

“Would you like that?”

“I think I would.”

“Ok. I would like that. And I have nothing to worry about? With Sugar Dick?”

“No. And Nigel, please remember not to call him that to his face. Or in front of people. Or ever.”

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